

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme  
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

*Const.* *Dien de Batailles*, where haue they this mettell?  
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in delpight, the Sunne lookes pale,  
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,  
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,  
Deco& their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,  
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,  
Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles  
Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frostie People  
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:  
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

*Dolphin.* By Faith and Honor,  
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,  
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue  
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,  
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

*Brit.* They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,  
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,  
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,  
And that we are most lositie Run-awayes.

*King.* Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,  
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.  
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,  
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:  
*Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,  
You Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,  
*Alanson*, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,  
*Iaques Chatillion*, *Rambures*, *Pandemont*,  
*Beumont*, *Grand Pre*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,  
*Loys*, *Leffrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,  
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;  
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:  
Barre *Harry* England, that I sweepes through our Land  
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:  
Rush on his Hoast, as dorth the melted Snow  
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,  
The Alpes dorth spit, and void his rhenne vpon.  
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,  
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan  
Bring him our Prisoner.

*Const.* This becomes the Great.  
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:  
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,  
Hee'll drop his heart into the sinck of feare,  
And for archieurement, offer vs his Ransome.

*King.* Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montjoy*,  
And let him say to England, that we send,  
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.  
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

*Dolph.* Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

*King.* Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.  
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,  
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower  
and Fluellen.*

*Gower.* How now Capitaine *Fluellen*, come you from  
the Bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-  
mitted at the Bridge.

*Gower.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,  
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my lining,  
and my vttermoost power. He is not, God be prayd and  
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge  
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-  
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in an au-  
chient conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and  
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see  
him doe as gallant seruice.

*Gower.* What doe you call him?

*Flu.* Hee is call'd aunchient *Pissoll*.

*Gower.* I know him not.

*Enter Pissoll.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Piss.* Capitaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the  
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

*Flu.* I, I praye God, and I haue merited some loue at  
his hands.

*Piss.* *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and found of heart,  
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and guidie  
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind shies  
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

*Flu.* By your patience, aunchient *Pissoll*: Fortune is  
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie  
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also  
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of  
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabillie,  
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a  
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles  
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description  
of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

*Piss.* Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frownes on him:  
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must be: a damned  
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,  
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*  
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.  
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,  
and let not *Bardolph's* vitall thred bee cut with edge of  
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Capitaine for  
his Life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Aunchient *Pissoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your  
meaning.

*Piss.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce  
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire  
the Duke to vie his good pleasure, and put him to execu-  
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

*Piss.* Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figs* for thy friendship.

*Flu.* It is well.

*Piss.* The Figge of Spaine, *Exit.*

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gower.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I  
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

*Flu.* Ile assure you, a vt'red as prau words at the  
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very  
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,  
when time is serue.

*Gower.* Why 'tis a Gulla Foole, a Rogue, that now and  
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne  
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such  
fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and  
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;  
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-  
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-  
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they  
conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-  
neralls Cut, and a horride Sure of the Campe, will doe a-  
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder-  
full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such  
standers of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-  
stooke.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Capitaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue  
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to  
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell  
him my minde: hearken you, the King is comming, and I  
must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his  
poore Souldiers.*

*Flu.* God plesse your Maiestie.

*King.* How now *Fluellen*, canst thou from the Bridge?

*Flu.* I, I please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter  
hath very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is  
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau  
passages: marry, th'athuerlarie was haue possession of  
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of  
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,  
the Duke is a prau man.

*King.* What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

*Flu.* The perdicion of th'athuerlarie hath bene very  
great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the  
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be ex-  
ecuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*; if your Maie-  
stie know the man: his face is all-bubukles and wheikes,  
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his  
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and  
sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's  
out.

*King.* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:  
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through  
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-  
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French  
vbrayd or abused in disdainefull Language; for when  
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler  
Gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucker. Enter Mountjoy.*

*Mountjoy.* You know me by my habit.

*King.* Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of  
thee?

*Mountjoy.* My Masters mind.

*King.* Vnfold it.

*Mountjoy.* Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*  
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:  
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,  
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflew, but that wee  
thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full  
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-  
periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weak-  
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-  
sider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we  
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we  
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-  
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is  
too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his  
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his  
owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worth-  
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for  
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-  
demnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Master,  
so much my Office.

*King.* What is thy name?

*Mount.* *Mountjoy.*

*King.* Thou doo'st thy  
And tell thy King, I doe  
But could be willing to m  
Without impeachment:  
Though 'tis no wisdom to  
Vnto an enemy of Craft  
My people are with sickne  
My numbers lessen'd: and  
Almost no better then fo  
Who when they were in h  
I thought, vpon one payre  
Did march three Frenchm  
That I doe bragge thus; t  
Hath blowne that vice in  
Goe therefore tell thy Ma  
My Ransome, is this trayle  
My Army, but a weak  
Yet God before, tell him  
Though France himselfe,  
Stand in our way. There's  
Goe bid thy Master well  
If we may passe, we will:  
We shall your tawnie gro  
Discolour: and so *Alon*  
The summe of all our Ans  
We would not seeke a Bat  
Nor as we are, we say we  
So tell your Master.

*Mount.* I shall deliue  
nesse.

*Glouc.* I hope they wil

*King.* We are in God's

March to the Bridge, it no

Beyond the Riuer we'll e

And on to morrow bid th

*Enter the Constable of*

*Orleanse, Do*

*Const.* Tut, I haue th

would it were day.

*Orleanse.* You haue an

Horse haue his due.

*Const.* It is the best Ho

*Orleanse.* Will it neu

*Dolph.* My Lord of Or

stable, you talke of Horse

*Orleanse.* You are as

Prince in the World.

*Dolph.* What a long N

my Horse with any that

ch' ha: he bounds from th

hayres: *Le Cheual volante*,

see. When I bestride him,

the ayre: the Earth fings

horne of his hoofe, is m

*Hermes.*

*Orleanse.* Hee's of the

*Dolph.* And of the he

for *Perfens*: hee is pure

ments of Earth and Water

ly in patient stillnesse wh

is indeede a Horse, and

Beasts.